

Title: The Blood Lurker

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The walls of the
dungeon echoed with
the screams of yet
another adventurer
foolish enough to
challenge its dwellers.
The creature stomped
the mangled corpse of

Below the pit of
bodies, in the deepest
depths of the dungeon,
an ancient temple
stood; the ground
around it was littered
with the bones of
brave souls who had

the courage and skill to
arrive there, but not
to survive the horrors
that it spawned. A
pilar exnended from
the base of the temple
through the roof, and
connected to the

cave ceiling. Inch deep
grooves, resembling
the ones in the pit
above the temple,
extended outward
from the the pilar
forming a web
across the entire

cavern ceiling.
A slight rumble shook
the cavern, and
momentarily, the
roof of the cavern
began to darken in
color. Fresh blood
began to ooze out of the

ceiling pores, trickling
into the ruts and
slowly making its

way towards the pilar. The area where the pilar and the ceiling met was rich in blood from the

bodies that lay above it, and as the blood met at the pilar, it began to trickle down in a crimson spiral. The blood dripped into a basin made of solid gold at the base of the

pilar and began to collect in an odd shaped puddle. As more blood streamed down from above the puddle began to grow upward. The floors of the upper cave

rumbled again as more blood was being squeezed from them. The puddle quickly formed into a torso, then arms, shoulders, and with the last drop of blood, the head of

the darkness, slicing through only air. The other party members jumped into battle stances, and the mages began chanting spells. All went silent for a moment, and the group

began to relax a little since the danger seemed to have passed.

While rummaging through his pack, a mage near the end of the party never

noticed the blood dripping down from the ceiling onto his cape. He heard the same sloshing as earlier, and looked up in time to see the

mass of blood fall

from above. The blood creature engulfed the man in an instant, absorbing his blood and flesh and dissolving his clothing, leaving nothing left but a

complete skeleton. Arrows whizzed through the air, and bolts of fire and lighting rained down onto the Blood Lurker. It exploded with splashing sound,

drenching the remaining adventurers with rancid blood. Cheers rang up from the party as they enjoyed their victory, accompanied by moans for the loss of their

companion. The cheers soon turned to screams of horror as the blood dripping off their bodies began to boil, reducing them, one by one, to fleshless skeletons. The Blood

Lurker leisurely regained his form, but this time larger than before from the fresh human blood. It seemed pleased as it surveyed its work, and oozed back

towards its temple to await the next victim.